

from above that he was going to fall. So Clarke at once ascended to him, and tried to cut the hook out of his boot, but could not succeed. He then put his arm round the man's leg, and lifted him bodily up, whereupon the hook came out, and Drable was safely deposited in the hopper.

Subsequently Clarke went down again, and rescued another man named Beadsley, who was hanging over a stay just above the water, with both legs broken. No more men could be found. So Clarke went to the surface with the three men he had saved. He afterward went down a third time, and with the assistance of volunteers succeeded in recovering the dead bodies of the remaining four men from the water at the bottom of the shaft.

The medals were presented to Clarke and Drable by the Duke of Norfolk at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting. The meeting may well have been enthusiastic, especially as one of the two heroes, Clarke, had a record of seven lives saved before.—*Selected.*

FIRST MASONIC FUNERAL IN IDAHO.

There has been much written and said about the first Masonic funeral held in California and other Coast States, and Idaho of course comes in for her share, of what good might have resulted from relating those incidents so familiar to "old timers." During our visit to Boise County recently, we met many who well remembered the following circumstance, as told by Bro. George Hunter in his "Reminiscences of an Old Timer," and stood ready to vouch for its truthfulness. Joe Oldham, who was a prominent man in the Basin in those days and whose name is mentioned below, is now in the insane asylum at Blackfoot, having lost his mind about three years ago. We have often heard him relate this same story, and differed only from the following in that it was told in his own language. Bro. Hunter says:—

On my arrival at Centreville, almost

the first man I met was an old Masonic friend, named Owsley, a good physician, who had come to this camp some time before. On meeting and exchanging greetings, Owsley said, "You are, above all others, the very man I am glad to see just now."

Thinking the doctor was probably "short," I put my hand to my pocket; seeing my move he said, "No, George, not that! The facts are that a man has died in a cabin just out of town leaving a wife and three small children entirely destitute, and far from their home and friends." He told me the man's name was Slade, and that he was from Yreka, California; that he had come into the camp a few weeks before, with a yoke of oxen and a light wagon, taken sick, he had sold the team and wagon, and consumed the proceeds in providing for his family while he was sick, finally dying, leaving the family destitute as before stated. That Slade had made himself known to him as a Master Mason, and had given him his Masonic pin, and the name and number of his Lodge, and requested him to do all in his power to assist his family; that he (Owsley) had attended Slade during his sickness.

"Now," said the doctor, "You are fertile in resources and a good worker, and you must help me out." I said, "Let us visit the cabin;" we did so, and I found the distressed family in a miner's cabin which was built of logs, the door was of split boards or shakes; in one corner was a fire-place and chimney of sticks and mud, posts had been driven into the ground and on these had been made a platform of poles, over which was strewed fir boughs, making a regular miner's bunk. Lying on one of these bunks, with a few blankets under him, I saw what was left of Slade, while sitting around the fire were the sorrowing widow and children and Mrs. Dr. Owsley.

After taking a good look at the corpse, I said, "Doctor, there seems something familiar to me in that countenance, and if I had seen the man in health I should probably have known